THE ALTERNATIVE

Given Hon. John W. Langley, of the incision was made in my bedy." Census Bureau.

IMMEDIATE OPERATION

Or Sure Death in a Few Days-His Nerve and diculous Objections of a Lady to "Disfigure- to resume his duties at the bureau. ment" and How the Nurse used the Razor.

Hon. John F. Langley, Appointment Clerk of the Twelfth Census, will be discharged the present week from the Garfield Hospital, after a siege of ap- character, went to the hospital and got pendicitis, for which he was successfully operated on by the accomplished physicians and surgeons of that noted institution. Mr. Langley, as those who know him will recall, is a large, powerful-framed man of much superfluous flesh, especially in the abdominal region, albeit his heavy torso and wide shoulders are of remarkable and noted size and strength. His month's experience under treatment and operation at the hospital has made a remarkable change in his physical appearance. His 200 odd pounds of flesh have been reduced to a little more than 150 by the ordeal through which he has pass-It was Mr. Langley's third attack of this modern disease, and the operation was simply an alternative of either dying from the shock or contin-uing his life for a few days longer if he decided to postpone or put it off. The physicians presented the case to him fairly and frankly, and after a few minutes' silent contemplation of his chances, Mr. Langley decided for the knife and a chance to live. The very week of his attack the brother of one of his office clerks, a young man named Charles Elliott, was operated on and died from the shock.

When the operation was decided on, Mr. Langley requested its immediate performance, and the physicians complying, the necessary preparations were soon over, such as bathing the abdomen, scrubbing and cleansing with antiseptic washings, etc. In two hours and a half the operation was over and the patient recovered from his artificial sleep. It is of this sleep The Globe proposes to write, as offering some curious speculations as to the effects of an anaesthetic on the human brain. It may easily be inferred that the operation itself was a splendid test of the scientific skill of the operating surgeons, inasmuch as the walls of flesh they had to cut through were unusually thick, and the attack being the third one, the disease gradually becoming more radically dangerous by the months it took in development left the vermiform appendix in an unusually complicated condition. It had adhered to everything it could attach itself to, and the surgeons had to work slow and careful with their fingers to detach it, the use of the knife being impossible under the conditions until the appendix itself was released from the substances to which it had adhered. More than a yard of gauze had to be stuffed in the orifice or opening and packed in until the patient felt it up against his backbone! As the danger from inflammation and peritonitis became less this gauze war gradually retime, and the wound sewed up. Under the artificial sleep induced by the ether

Mr. Langley relates an interesting tale. "The last thing I remember was the doctor soothingly saying, "You'M be all right or "You are all right." I evidently carried this encouragement with me when I lost consciousness. Owing to the length of time it took to perform the operation I had plenty of leisure for my spirit to do some remarkable traveling. It seemed to have left my body, for I had that peculiar serial lightness which I have read or heard that the disembodied possess. found myself away up millions of miles above the clouds, and on top of a mountain (you know I am a mountaineer) or rather the spur of one. I was as fully conscious apparently as I am this moment. I knew that I had no body, and the consciousness I sessed was my spirit or soul. I soned clamly, speculatively, and took my bearing. I appeared to be unable to move from the hole or declivity into which I was apparently wedged. A little distance from me I observed a group of persons, and I instantly surmised that they were debating on my case. It occurred to me that I was awaiting sentence, and that this group was weighing my merits and demerits. I naturally felt some trepidation for the result. Here I was, helpless and beyond aid or assistance of counsel or friends. Whatever sentence was imposed there was no appeal. If the lowor regions, I must go there, unable to protest or obtain a respite. You may sure I went over with the rapidity of lightning in my mind all the events of my life, and anxiously weighed with the hope that the good would at least balance the others, if not overweigh them. Presently one of the group approached me, and I began to speculate if he was about to turn on whe steam, the sulphur or the fire. was wondering if the sentence was adwerse, whether my present place of abode was to be the school of my future or if I would be dropped down through space to the orthodox one of fire and brimstone. I tried in this ter rible emergency or moment of expectation, as the figure approached me, to see if I had some freedom of action. moved my head from side to aide, and as I did so the figure observed, You are all right; you are all right.' The tones were quiet and soothing, and he again mejoined the group, repeating as he retreated, 'You are all words, unt# I lost consciousness and appeared to be annihilated. It was at this moment I reckon the crisis of the operation occurred, and that my pulse

indicated the gravity of my condition,

as I subsequently ascertained it was

found necessary to give me an injec-

moment, and for that infinitesimal space of time I was practically dead.

When I again returned to conscious-

ness, however, I was not on the moun-

tain, and marvelling what had happen-

ed to me, I was gradually brought

around until I heard the voices of what I supposed was the group who

had been consulting on my disposition

for eternity. I twisted and turned my head to see if I could locate them, and

after enduring much mental uneasi-

the influence of the ether, and that, consequently, the operation was postponed or not begun. I scon discovered the contraryl by the feeling I expe-rienced of a terrible weight where the

Mr. Langley grinned at the recollection of the ordeal he had passed through se successfully, due principally to his magnificent physique and unimpaired constitution. There was unimpaired constitution. much rejoicing among his hosts of fulends everywhere in Washington, but especially at the Census Department, Physique Pull Him Through—His Dream of among the officials and clerks. He Physique Pull Him Through His bleam of will take a rest of a month at least in Judgment and Doom Under the Ether-Re- his native Kentucky before being able

> A ridiculous case of this dread com-plaint was related to The Globe by a gentleman in the Government Printing

Office, whose aunt is a physician.

It appears this aunt was taken down with the complaint, and recognizing its ready for an operation. At the hospital was another lady similarly afflicted, and the physicians gave orders to the female nurses for the preliminary preparations. To these the female physician, who knew her busi-ness, submitted quietly, but when the turn of the other lady came and the nurse approached with the razor and the antiseptic wash, she indignantly refused to be "disfigured," and protested that she was clean enough, always had been clean, bathed regularly, and had thoroughly washed her body that morning. The physicians were called, and they, too, failed to convince the lady of the necessity of a certain preliminary preparation. She would not be convinced and would not be

Finally, as the best way out of it, she was placed on the operating table, and when under the influence of the efher, when she could offer no further resistance, the "disfigurement," as she regarded it, took place and the operation was successfully performed. Our informant has not ascertained from his aunt, who relates the story, what the lady thought or said when she discovered her "disfigurement."

THE POOR PAY THE TAXES

Most Inhuman Government the World H Ever Known.

There must be some measures taken taxes or this Government can not long It is not the corporations alone that escape, but as soon as a man has become a millionaire, he is let off with the merest bagatelle. They might as well pay no taxes at all as the amount that some of them hand over,

As an instance of tax inequalities as they may be seen in New York, Russell Sage, who is generally believed to be worth \$50,000,000 in personal property-stocks, bonds, etc.-is assessed at only \$1,000,000, and yet he swore off \$400,000 of the amount. The Hunting-K. Vanderbilt, assessed at \$5,000,000 each, had their assessments reduced to \$500,000 and \$1,000,000, respectively, while Cornelius Vanderbilt's \$1,000,000 assessment was cut down to \$100,000 to carry of the cornelius Vanderbilt's \$1,000,000 to carry of the carry o ton estate, assessed at \$3,000,000, escapes altogether by the swearing off process. Alfred G. Vanderbilt and W. Ex-Governor Levi P. Morton and Pres-Ex-Governor Levi P. Morton and President Seth Lowe were each assessed for Burns' word which brought on the Tammany officials swore off their assessments altogether, while the rest had their cut down to nominal sums.

Most of the supreme justices and other members of the bench have sworn off their obligations, and so on through the whole list of personal property owners, including J. Pierpont Morgan, who had his assessment reduced from \$1,000,000 to \$400,000, New York's supposedly best citizens who refuse to do their duty and deliberate-

ly commit perjury. As to the "swearing off" process by New York's chronic "tax dodgers," the loss does not fall wpon the city, but upon real estate holders and the poor, whose property is necessarily increased in valuation or the tax levy increas ed to make up the deficiency in the city budgets of over \$97,000,000.

Here is the formal oath which each person who makes an application for a reduction of personal assessment must sign before the deputy tax com-

missioner: do solemnly swear that the foregoing statement is made by me touching the amount and value small Arizona settlement—a gathering of my personal property on the second Monday in January, 19..., are true, attraction of the Hollow was Belle And that the amount of debts owing Hazen—"bell leader" of the cowboys, by me and to be deducted from the they used to call her. Tom Williams amount of my personal assessment is , and that there is not included in such amount any debt contracted Hazen's favor. One day Tom Burns for or incurred in the purchase of nontaxable property or securities owned by or held for my benefit, nor for or on account of any liability assurety, guarantor, indorser, or otherwise, nor for the purpose of evading taxation."

real and personal property in New York, the assessments on much of which must either be reduced or canceled altogether, there is non-taxable property valued at \$772,000,000, an inrease of \$20,000,000 over last year. This vast sum includes Federal propworth \$50,000,000, State property worth \$4,000,000, city property worth \$350,000,000, and church property valued at about \$90,000,000.

Weeds in His Red Liquor.

A Northern man stopped at the home of an Alabama planter of the old school and was cordially invited to "Light, sah, and be welcome." He "lit" and was forthwith invited to take a toddy, in accord with the Alabama rules of hospitality.

"Why," he said, "I saw a nice bed fainter and fainter came the of mint back there. Suppose I get some of it and make a mint julep instead of a toddy?"
"A what, sah?" said the planter.

mint julep. Haven't you ever tried them?

"No, sah, nevah; but I'm willing, They did try the fascinating bever-

tion of whatever they call it—oxygen, nitrogen, or air—as I had ceased to age, not once but many times, and the breathe. I firmly believe that at that Northern man went away next day with reluctance. Two years later his business took

him there again. At the gate he was met by the old colored butler, on whose hat, as he doffed it, was seen a band

"Where's your master, sir?" he in-quired of the old darky. "He's dead, sah; died yestiddy." "Dead! I'm shocked! What was the

"Why, sah, 'bout two years ago one ness, I opened my eyes and in a little o' dem Yankees cum down heah and while wake to the realization of showed ole marse how to drink weeds while woke to the realization of "where I was at." Although at first I thought they could not get me under twell he died fum it."

DIED IN HIS BOOTS.

The Noted Desperado, Tom Burns, of Arziona.

WALLACE GOT THE DROP

And the Celebrated Man-Killer Crosses the Divide-His Funeral and a Biographical into the air. Obituary by an Accomplished Scribbler. The Exploits of This Nervy Gun Fighter and How He was Finall Killed,

Word comes that the notorious Tom Burns has crossed the great divide in TWO-Globules Arizona. According to the vernacular of the border-when there was a border-he "died with his boots on," his transit having been expedited by one "Kid" Wallace, a cow-puncher, aided by a trusty Winchester. As Burns had facilitated the departure of many other persons by means of a handy gun, his end was what he might have expected, and probably what he desired. In the last scene of Burns' adventurous career it was a simple question of whether Burns or Wallace "got the drop," and fate willed that it should be Wallace. In its account of the funeral, the San Francisco Examiner

"A band of whooping, careering cowboys stampeded the funeral procession, captured the supply wagon, serving as a hearse, straddled the coffin and spured it with their big rowels all the way to the grave, where they jigged over his remains, 'just to wake up Tom and

give him a good send-off to—.'
"Tom Burns couldn't have asked for wilder whirl into eternity nor for a more exciting funeral.

"He was buried just as he fell, with all his cowboy trappings on, including his spurs. The only things he didn't have were his guns. They were too fine a brace of weapons to throw into a grave, and, as the cowboys, who saved them for a souvenir, said, 'If we let Tom take 'em he'll get the drop on Old Nick and run things down there to suit himself.'

From the same source is derived the lata for the biographical sketch which It seems that Burns had never been popular in Arizona. He had no end of sand, but was a bully to make the rich pay their share of of the first water. He was proud of his reputation as a gun-fighter, and endure. The thing has got to such a took care to keep his reputation up to stage that it is no longer bearable. mark by periodical displays of his It is not the corporations alone that prowess. During the past year he had been punching cows in the Lonto Basin country and on the San Pedro ranges, and permitted no one to dispute his title as boss of the range and king among bad men. There were others, for Arizona has rather more than a fair proportion of the bad men who still linger superfluous on the fringe of civilization; but Tom Burns enjoyed unquestioned supremacy as a dead shot and a willing disposition. The lesser bravos never knew when he was going to use them as a target for pistol prac-

\$500,000 and each swore off the whole amount. The majority of the rich "Kid" Wallace and declared he would "fix the Kid." Wallace, who overheard the remark, simply sat behind his door with ready gun and waited for the social call. Accordingly, when Burns flung open Wallace's door and invited him to be kidled, the "Kid" was ready, fired point blank at the caller and shot

him through the heart. The coroner's inquest was brief and satisfactory. The verdict was pepular. Wallace was exonerated from all suspicion of blame, and the funeral was

converted into a celebration.
Yet Burns was an extraordinary man in his way. When it came to a showdown of gun notches, taking chances between the trigger and the hangman's ose, and bluffing a hostile camp to the last cartridge. Tom Burns had no superior. Like Wyat Earp, if he had his gun at hand and half a chance he would face any combination. Long before he joined the four nervy fighters who captured Evans and Sentag, the train robbers, Burns had earned his reputation as a gun-fighter.

One of the most exciting episodes in Burns' dare-devil career was an affair place for surrounding rangers. and Sam Jackson, two determined range riders, were rivals for Belle came riding into town, and as he had to be in the thick of every scrimmage, threw himself into the fight for the "bell leader." Two weeks after the arrival of Burns, Jackson and Williams met at her house. A message was sent Besides the \$3,787,970,873 of taxable to Burns, who was playing poker at was time for a show-down to see who was favorite, but before Burns could reach the place, hot-tempered Sam Jackson shot Williams.

By chance the same ball wounded Belle and she died that night. Jackson, not knowing that her wound was fatal, jumped on his broncho and headed for the Mexican border. Within half an hour a posse with Burns in the lead was hurrying to overtake him. Late in the afternoon of the second day Jackson's zigzag course to escape Burns, who was hot on his trail, took him in the direction of Cow Hollow Both men were almost played out with the heat and breakneck pace. Burns proncho had thrown him and his left shoulder was badly wrenched, but he stuck to his game like a wolf to a wounded deer, and forced the course Cow Hollow way.

Jackson rode straight for the home of Belle Hazen. Her body was laid out in the room ready for the funeral. The two women in charge ran screaming from the room as Jackson, bloodstained and dusty, stumbled headlong over the threshold. A little later Burns came galloping up. The excited women told him what had happened. He pulled his gun and walked into the se to kill his quarry. A moment ater he came out. Then there was a juick, sharp report from within, and found Jackson on the floor with le in his forehead. Burns afterard told a friend that Jackson must have hypnotized him. "I'm going to kill myself, and there'll be no use for you around here, so go," commanded Jackson, and Burns, for the only time orded in his history, meekly obeyed

nd lost a chance to pull the trigger. Though Burns was quick with his gun, he had several experiences where tions. happy accidents saved his life. One of his last escapades was at Wilcox, Ariz. Carolina Brights are mildand fragrant.

THE NEWS DEALERS Burns had been engaged by Well, Fargo & Co. to secure evidence and run down the gang that robbed the express at Cochise. In following the

clews out, Burns became convinced that Burt Alvord, the constable at Wilcox, was mixed up in the affair. A hint of this reached Alvord's ears, and he thought it best to nail the rumor at its starting point before it had a chance to spread. With ready gun he started on a circuit of the saloons an caught Burns off his guard. Before he could pull the trigger, however, a conductor, standing at his elbow, struc

up his arm and the ball went whistling Burns never blanched, but before he could return the fire friends jumped in and separated the men. Later of Alvord, with Bravo Juan, was arreste for the robbery and locked up in the Tombstone jail. Billy Stiles, suspected of a being a member of the gang, had been promised safety if he would "in-

form." He claimed the sheriff was simply playing with him, so he buckled on a holster full of pistols, and before Burns or anybody else could interfere he held up the jailers and liberated Alvord and Bravo Juan from the Tomb stone jail. Then the trio started on their rambles, and the deputy sheriffs have been trailing them ever since with more or less success.

the law and the jailers handled the robbers he had helped to capture, and he rode into the San Pedro valley, where Tom Willes, who is known as the champion broncho buster and steer roper in the United States, engaged him as a cow-puncher. Burns' reputation for making trouble had preceded him, and he lived up to it. The cow-boys united against him as a common enemy. He was not one to ask "by your leave" when he wanted anything. His gun so far had carried him safely through the Southwest, and he thought it would carry him easily out of the San Pedro range. From the very first there had been bad blood between Burns and Kid Wallace. Willes warn-ed them that the man who broke the peace in his camp would be dismissed. One day Wallace and Burns had a scrap at the table, and before the other cowboys could separate them they had wrecked everything in sight. Willes gave both their walking papers. Burns rode up to the cabin where Wallace had his quarters, saying to Willes on his way: "I'm ,going to fix the Kid before I go. There won't be any mistake this time." Wallace, who was just inside the door, heard the remark, and without saying a word pulled his gun and stood in readiness. Burns pushed open the door, calling out to Wallace to come out and finish the

fight. The Kid fired and Burns fell in From the San Pedro standpoint, continues the narrator, it might have been called a popular killing, for the cow-boys feared and hated Burns. In testimony of this fact, his funeral was made a sort of celebration. deavored to have it conducted in a decorous and peaceful manner. But the cowboys stampeded and hurried the wagon serving as a hearse off to the foothills, dancing on the coffin by the

Why don't you try a package of Carolina Brights?

FLORIDA SHIP CANAL.

to be Near at Hand.

The project of cutting a ship canal across the peninsula of Florida has been talked of for many years, as all great undertakings are discussed for years before they are taken in hand and finished. The renewed interest that is now being taken in this project gives promise that the time for its execution is near at hand. It is not a vast undertaking. The canal would be an unusually long one for a ship canal, but it could be run through a country but little above the sea level. No high ridges would have to be cut through and no rock-ribbed soil would be found along its route. Florida soil is easy to excavate, and a canal cut across the State 100 miles long would cost less than one of one-fourth of its length across an isthmus with a mountain range or a range of hills dividing the waters on either side. In the past 15 years there has been a gain of foreign trade of the gulf ports whose commerce would go through the Florida canal of \$161,835,693, or nearly 150 per cent.

Mikey Lewis.

EDITOR GLOBE: A few years ago the goggle-eyed head of the Supply Division in the P. O. D. was stranded in Washington, out of a job, out of friends and money, out at his heels and elbows. He was lean and link as Jacob's kine in the Egyptian plagues. "Mikey" was hard up, and his Hebrew friends passed him on the streets, mistaking him for a Greek fruit vendor off duty. He knew a little bit, or thought he did, about printing machines, and the Government Printing Office was in want of a few additional pressmen. When Mikey heard of these positions he hied himself on his little bow-less to the rooms of the Civil Service Commission, procured the prelim inary papers, and applied for an examination as printing pressman in the

When the day for examination arrived, Mikey was on hand, ready, eager, socked and primed for the literary The interior of the room in the Concordia, where examinations were held, resembled a furnished schoolroom, and during the exercises of the class (only three applicants for pressmen were present) Mikey was a little

When the examiner announced that the next exercise would be spelling, Mikey's eyes dilated, and he stared into vacancy. He knew the game was up with him, but he interrupted the examiner, "Mr. Teacher (Mikey thought he was in a school-room), "I want to a-a-ask a q-q-question, and I thi-n-nk it is a very prop-p-per one, too."
"Well, what is it, Mr. Lewis?"

"In spel4-ling the words you pr-r-r-o nounce do we use c-c-capitals or small letters?" "You will use your own judgment,"

the examiner replied. Mr. Lewis utterly failed in this examination, while the other two applicants are now employed in Govern-ment Printing Office; yet this man is now the chief of the Postal Supplies Division, a place he is incompetent to fill, and utterly unfit to hold. Yours truly, OBEDIAN DILDOCK.

Cigars are given to soldiers in the Italian army as part of their daily ra-

The Sunday Globe can be found on the news stands of the following well-known news dealers of Washington, Patrons are notified that The Sunday Globe can be purchased at these stands any week day as well as the Sunday of its publi-

J. Frank Smith, cigar and news stand th and G streets NW. Alex Lawson, cigars and newsdealer 604 7th street NW.

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Burns was disgusted with the way news stand, cigars, tobacco. Howard House News Stand, Penna. O'Donnell, drugs and news stand, 300

'a. ave. SE. E. W. Lazarus, newsdealer, Del. ave aud C st. NE. J. W. Swan, news stand and bootblack parlor, 7th and Fla. ave. NW. J. H. Casler & Bro., 221 Indiana ave

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news dealer.

gars, news dealer. J. M. Fore, 311 6th street n. w., cigars, s. M. Fore, 511 oth street h. w., cigars, news dealer.
F. C. Jackson, 609½ 7th street n. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.
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onist and news dealer. W. E. Smith, 1011 H street n. c., The Owl News Depot.

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e., cigars. bobacco and news dealer.

W. E. Wilkens, 645 H street n. e., gar, pool and news roon

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ool room and news stand. R. E. Miller, 527 8th street s. e., cigar nd news dealer. Mrs. Patchell, 1268 44 street s. w., ci-J. Abbott, 322 Mg street s. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.
Ed Brinkman, Penna. ave. and 4th street n. w., cigars, tobacco, news dealer.

B. J. Burt, 313 7th street s w., cigars, ews dealer. J. L. Stewart, 445 7th street s. w., ci-

ars, tobacco, news dealer.
J. Petignat, 609 7th street s. w., eigars bacco, news dealer. W. A. Smith, 704 17th street n. w. oi ars, news dealer. W. B. Holtzclaw, 1705 Penna. ave. n.

w., magazines, newspapers. Quigley Pharmacy, 21st and G streets Fagan Brothers, 2132 Penna. ave. n. w. A. Lindsey, 2153 Penna. ave. n. w., eriodicals, newspapers.
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